PHILP, HIS HAND-BOOK.

N many branches of Literature we would as lief read our own authors, as those of any other country.

In History have we not BANCROFT, (who writes for It,) and the immortal PRESCOTT, whose talented daughter, Miss HARRIET E. PRESCOTT, is now contributing a story to our grave contemporary, the *Ancient Nicholas*, vulgarly, *Old Knick!* (We prefer *her* story to history.) In Poetry, have we not BRYANT, who edits the *Evening Post*, with GODWIN, the father of Mrs. SHELLEY, and is known to scholars by his work on Ancient Mythology, ("A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology." London: 1774–76, 3 vols. 4 to.;) and LONGFELLOW, whose Song of HIAWATHA is a specimen of his handicraft. (to say nothing of Schoolcraft, from whom it was taken,) and MORRIS, whose song-spared tree will never become a back-log on the hearth of Oblivion!

In Fiction, does not our COOPER head off the great novelists of England? Have we not a SIMMS, (alas, no, for he is now a citizen of the S. C., unhappy SIMMS!) the author of "The Tower House" in the moral World. ("Good EAVENS!" said V. F. when he tried to read it!)—and last, not least, the sweetest of the sylvan race, SYLVANUS?

We might go through the whole department of letters and find no deficiency, (of course we do not mean the Post-office, for we still remember FOWLER!) certainly none worth mentioning, except in Hand-books, a branch of writing in which our authors must bow to their English brethren. They are not handy at Handy books, to adopt, for this time only, the phraseology of my Lord ST. LEONARDS.

Go where you will on the Continent; in Paris, to which all good Americans go, before or after death; at Baden, where all the Bad'uns congre ate, and make their little game; up the romantic, memory-haunted Rhine, (we stifle here a joke on the Rhino!) among the frozen sublimities of the Alps, where FREDRICA BREMER eats Vanilla ices; in Italy, the home of the arts, the land of song, (to say nothing of organ-grinders and plaster-image makers!) anywhere and everywhere in Europe, you will find the Hand-books of MURRAY, which, like their covers, are always Read. JOHN MURRAY, thou art as great a benefactor as thy father, LINDLEY MURRAY, whose accidence, happily not yet obsolete, (when are accidents out of date?) was at the bottom of our juvenile studies.

We have no MURRAY in America, but we have a PHILP!

"A PHILP—pray what is that?"

Reader of V. F. did you never hear the anecdote of the rural gentleman, who, on seeing a show-bill of a lecture in his neighborhood, (perhaps it was one of BAYARD TAYLOR'S,) "The Age of PERICLES," asked, "What *are* Pericles?" You have, and you remember that no one answered him, not even Echo, who is always so polite on these occasions. V. F. will be more communicative, and tell you what a PHILP is, or rather what *the* PHILP is, for he believes the phenomenon in question to be a cousin of the mysterious PHŒNIX, who was his own father and mother, and brother and sister, and any amount of uncles and aunts—in short his whole family, and who rose from his ashes, (pot or pearl, not stated,) exclaiming "Death's a Lie! Life's Hope!" PHILP is a bookseller of Washington, the Senior member of the firm of PHILP & SOLOMON, (it was wise of PHILP to take SOLOMON into the concern!) and the getter-up of a Hand-book, with a sanguinary cover, and a stamp of the Capitol in gold, (we hope PHILP'S capital is in gold!)—"PHILP'S Washington Described."

PHILP describes Washington in full, beginning with its Geography and Natural History, and ending with its "places of interest" near the seat of Government. (We expected to find the Banking House of RIGGS & Co among the "places of interest," but did not. How is this, PHILP?) We shall not follow the learned topographer through the classic scenes of the Federal Capitol, but confine ourselves to a few remarks, amplifications, corrections, etc., on his first chapter.

PHILP begins his account, (after a page or two of geographical and historical matter of no account,) by describing what takes most people to Washington—its rocks. It is underlaid, he tells us, with gneiss rocks, the trend of which is east and west. There is no doubt but that the rocks of Washington are nice, but PHILP is mistaken in their trending to the East or West; they have always trended to the South! If any one doubts this, let him recall the career of the great COBB, (not SYLVANUS, but HOWELL,) the late chief of the Geological Bureau; or that of FLOYD, and his fellow traitors, (FLOYD'S guilt, however, is a mere abstraction;) or let him read the Post-office Reports, a work of great interest to men of letters, (will the *Charleston Mercury* inform V. F. of the yearly amount of the postal deficiency of South Carolina?) and he will see that the direction of the Rocks of Washington is unmistakably towards the South.

Continuing PHILP'S disquisition, we turn the leaf, and skipping a Map of the D. of C., which, by the way, resembles a large ace of diamonds on a very small card, we find this singular paragraph: "No considerable borings in the way of Artesian Wells have been made." True, PHILP, but the borings in other ways are incalculable, chiefly in and about the Capitol. (We suppress a joke here on Capital Boring!) A great deal of this boring is done in the Senate daily, and where it will end Providence only knows. The great bore at present is Secession, and it augurs ill for the country. Artesian wells!—they bore for something better in Washington. Senators and Congressmen for glory, which means the praise of the *Herald* and the abuse of the *Tribune*, or, *vice versa*; a serenade at Willard's, and a public dinner at Phœnixville, and, looming richly in the future, another term—in short Buncombe; (mysterious divinity, we adore thee!) The Lobby bores for Justice, (*Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cœlum,*) soldiers' pensions, widows' claims, French spoilations—in short Cash! Wells, forsooth! We suspect, PHILP, that you were bribed to insert that by the Lobby, for no one outside of it, would ever think of saying, "It is Well!"

PHILP devotes a page and a half to the water of Washington, a subject which he had better have omitted, since it is of no earthly consequence to anybody. Water is a respectable Institution, and, as has been remarked before, (we believe by NOAH,) "an excellent thing for the purposes of navigation," but it is seldom thought of in Washington, and scarcely ever seen there, except in the company of brandy, or whisky, or some other equally potent liquid. The citizens of Washington have never shown much sympathy for water, especially since the great poisoning at Willard's, the victims of which are said to have been water-drinkers! The favorite beverage, under BUCHANAN'S administration, was Old Rye; and it redounds to the credit of J. B., that, false as he was to friends and foes alike, he was true to Old Rye to the last! We may mention *en passant*, that about fifteen years ago several citizens of Washington were banished for persisting in the folly of water-drinking. They revenged themselves by preaching a cold-water crusade in the North, and induced many to join their ranks. These persons, whose apostacy from the drinks of their fathers was happily a short one, impudently called themselves Washingtonians!

PHILP has a list, or rather a table, of the marketable fish of Washington, among which we find suckers and pike. Pike are almost unknown there—we are assured by those who know—only one specimen, and that a very odd fish, having been seen in years. We refer to ALBERT PIKE, the poet. Of the abundance of Suckers there can be no doubt!

PHILP is learned in Zoölogy. He tells us that it is not probable that buffalo ever lived in that region; (V. F. saw BUFFALO BILL there a few years ago;) that deer, here he rhymeth, that deer are not rare in the old Ten Mile Square; (V. F., who, like Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, was "adored once," used to have a Dear there;) and that otter are even now to be met with.

PHILP mentions six species of bats, but he fails to state their dimensions. We can enlighten him a little on that point. They are large enough to hold a man! Indeed, we have seen several men on a Bat in Washington, for a week at a time!

Of rats and mice, and "such small deer," there are thirty-seven species (all of which may be found at Willard's); adding to this number five species which are now extinct, we have forty-two in all. It tries one's Fortitude to think of it!

Among the birds mentioned by PHILP, are the cardinal grosbeak, (a Catholic bird, we presume,) the celebrated mocking-bird, and Henslow's Bunting. We are ignorant what is meant by the latter. We of the North only know of one Bunting—Uncle Sam's—(long may it wave!) which has fallen into disfavor at the South. Indeed, so much do our fire-eating countrymen dislike it, that they are determined to abolish it altogether. They intend to begin at the beginning, for we have it on the best authority, (the *Charleston Mercury*,) that a noted Southern poet, who, in this instance, at least, is not Sound on the Goose, is about to revise the Maternal Anserine Melodies of our childhood, particularly the famous lul-

WANTED CHANGE OF AIR.

Promenader.—"AW—AW-WY, CAN'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING EVEWY MOWNING BUT 'DIXEY'? DOCTOR'S WE—OMMENDED A CHANGE OF AIH; SAYS AW MUST HAVE IT. W—MEMBAH!—STAWP OFF DIXEY."

To the Editor of the Herald.

DEAR JAMES:—You have one or two very refreshing little jokes, which are, if we may be allowed the expression, not so new as they were once. Such as,

The joke about "our Quadrilateral Cotemporary,"
"The Elbows of the Mincio,"
"Philosopher GREELEY,"
"His tackle and apparel,"
"Mr. VATSON JEBB's diplomatic coat,"
"Our pious neighbor."

Will you, dear JAMES, oblige us and a long-suffering public so far as to do all of the above once more, and then die?

Faithfully, our dear JAMES,
Your friend VANITY FAIR.

Trifles by our Conceited Contributor.

To me the most appropriate name for twins seems to be Teucer.

President LINCOLN's exclamation when he appoints a lady postmistress, undoubtedly will be—Letter box.

No animal is oftener on his back than a skate-fish. And there be human odd fish on the Central Park Pond who are like unto him.

No man, perhaps, makes more music from niches in the banks than an Organist.

What a delightful time ladies must have had who dwelt in any one of the 5 cities of he Plain!

The accountant who strikes a balance performs a most scaly trick.

The appropriate emblem for Pikes' Peak is the Shamrock.

A most harrowing idea to a superstitious sailor is, that when the ship lays to, the result is the famous Roc's egg.

laby which has soothed so many infantile souls into ambrosial dreams. We allude to

"*By a baby bunting,*"

which will soon be changed to

"*By a baby Palmetto.*"

PHILP mentions the "Green Heron," evidently referring to MATILDA, who was once verdant enough to play in Washington! His "Prairie Warbler" must mean ROBERT LINCOLN, (vulgarly, Bob-o' Link,) a rare species, never seen in Washington until this Spring. It is a singular bird of the class *President*, genus *Rail Splitter*. "Mother Carey's Chicken"—Does PHILP allude to ALICE and PHŒBE? If so, we must inform him that they have never been in Washington.

PHILP mentions among the snakes of Washington, "the blowing viper," a curious specimen worthy of a fuller account than he gives. Of all the reptiles with which this country is cursed, the Blowing Viper is the worst. It is confined to no section, but is a native of all. The most deadly specimens belong to the North and South. They are called Abolitionists and Secessionists. The former is known by his seeing all things through a dark medium; a great smoked glass is continually before his eyes, and every object that he beholds through it becomes the long-lived denizen of Africa, or, in the vernacular, the Everlasting Nigger. He worships WENDELL PHILLIPS, and HENRY WARD BEECHER. The reptile is undoubtedly honest in his delusion, but he should be crushed, notwithstanding. The secession viper is of a different breed, and is continually casting his skin. He was warmed into life by a political madman, named JOHN C. CALHOUN, who christened him Nullifier. He became a Democrat, and running for Congress, wormed himself into a thousand fat offices, and became the bosom friend of FLOYD, THOMPSON, WIGFALL, TOMBES, and other blowing vipers. He affects to hate the Abolitionist, which is odd, considering that he helps him in his dirty work of Disunion. He should be crushed at once, or at least confined to the Cotton States, in whose slime he was bred. Put your heels on him. Let him be *Anathema Maranatha!*

Thus far the present lesson. Next week, brethren, *Deo volente*, we shall resume "PHILP His Handbook."

"TAKE MY PAW."

The Emperor of the French taking pity on the exiled Bombalino, ex-King of the rescued Sicilies, has lately made an offer to lend that young impotentate the Château of Pau, as a refuge in his reverses. But Bombalino stands upon his Bourbonism, and declines the proffered civility, in these words, addressed to M. de Grammont:

"I cannot accept this kind offer. The Emperor Napoleon is my natural adversary. The Bonapartes cannot love the Bourbons. But I declare this, that the Emperor of the French is the only sovereign in Europe who has Held out a Hand to me in my distress.

Under these circumstances, it was surely ungracious in the exiled monarch to refuse the Emperor's Pau.

SALE HO!

Yacht Rebecca for sale. She can be seen at Greenpoint.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 19.

Not at Plum Gut? That last was a Green Point in you, however, Master BENNETT—very green indeed, and it is to be presumed that you have found out as much by this time. Considering the associations which connect your name with the Rebecca, one wonders that you have so long remained in a state of what WILLIS calls beyaht-itude.

Bills of Life.

Blue of our Youth.—Tailors' Bills.
In Sight.—Opticians' Bills.
Terrible Bores.—Board Bills.
What a prize!—Croton Bills.
Momentous.—Watchmakers' Bills.
Not lightly disregarded.—Gas Bills.
Lastly.—Bootmakers' Bills.

Malarious.

Why is a Malay like a tumbled shirt?
Because he has always one or too Kreeses about him.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

DECIDEDLY our C (for cotton) seeding brothers are bringing affairs to a bad state. The baggage of passengers on the steamships from here to Savannah on their arrival in that port, is subjected to the most rigid examination. Soiled linen, old boots darned socks, all receive the closest inspection; and AMERICAN CITIZENS submit to the insult, pocket the affront, and rejoice that they are even as the favored subjects of his former highness BOMBA were, or what those of his present holiness the NINTH PIUS are. For this it was we fought through the Revolutionary War—that we might have a revolution of our old linen! For this was it that we defied the King of England!—to humble ourselves to—JEFF. DAVIS!

The Right of Search! Go on; the next step Passports, the next step the Inquisition; however, we have that already in the above mentioned grievance. Hereafter, oh Yankees, when you are called Inquisitive, say nothing, but point in the direction where cotton grows; you may attempt to pick up information, it is better and nobler than to pick pockets: which the Customs of the Cotton States consider Honorable!

Is this turning over the cloths and underclothes of men and women considered Chivalrous? Is this prying into the mysteries of a lady's toilet Gentlemanly, even? Is it safe? What is to prevent the Southern confederacy from appropriating the hair-brushes and old boots it may take a fancy to, especially as they belong not to foreigners and aliens, but to their own brothers? We may shake the cap and bells over the follies of Americans, but when it comes to insults like these, it is time to be serious.

To you, Mr. SCOFF, who are a shining light among the Coldwaterites, how would you feel if, going from here to Savannah, you were, on your arrival in that chivalrous city, to have that little black bottle of anything but cold-water, exposed to the view of surrounding enemies? and to you Madame? but we know you would not like to have your "assistants" published. To you, poor little KITTY, how would you feel when all those little articles of dress, the very mention of whose name you avoid, were exposed to the gaze and rude remarks of unfeeling men?

Enough! We protest against this Wrong, not Right, of Search, and leave it to Freemen and not Slaves, to abolish at once.

CUI BONO?

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SENTINEL AT FORT SUMTER.

I.

Standin' out here on the wall, I can't help wond'rin' an' thinkin',
What on airth is the good of rulers an' cabinet politics:
Fellers all over the country is makin' of spread-eagle speeches,
Twistin' an' turnin' an' shufflin', jest like a passel o' warmints,
Savin' the Union, an' spoutin', an' drivin' the people distracted,
All to no eend, as I sees; leastways, no eend I kin mention.

II.

Fust, they was blowin up JEAMES, the feeble old buffer of Wheatland;
Callin' him all kinds o' names, an' sayin' they ought to impeach him;
'Lowin' he didn't know much, an' what he did know warn't wuth knowin';
Callin' him Rebel, an' Traitor, an' sayin' he'd sold out the country.

III.

Then they commenced for to holler on him as is now in the White House;
Honest Ole ABE, as they call him; an' all of his party raised thunder
About what he'd do when the time come for showin' the size of his muscle;
How he intended to rule . . . to govern like ole ANDREW JACKSON . . .
To call, ef need be, to arms, with the "God of battles" to help him,
To hold all the forts an' the works, that still remained true to the Union;
To reinforce SUMTER, post-haste, with plenty o' soljers an' wittles.

IV.

Wall, when I heered o' the speech that ABE read aloud to the people
There on the fourth o' March . . . the day o' the inauguration . . .
Somehow, I felt kind o' glad, for I thought reinforcements was comin',
An', you see, to my mind it's hard, this workin' from mornin' to evenin',
Clearin' an' mountin' big guns, and buildin', an' strengthenin' the fortress;
'Specially when . . . as 'tis here . . . you hasn't got men for the labor;
Leastways, I hoped there'd be fight, or else we'd receive some assistance;
'Cause in the speech, LINCOLN said he'd protect all the Government prop'ty,
Keep what he'd got . . . and, he hinted, take back what was held by the rebels;
Not to say nothin' o' cash . . . the mints and the revenue money.

V.

Wall, I've waited, an' now, it seems that Ole ABE and BUCHANAN
Row in the self-same boat, an' that neither is wuth shot an' powder?
So this 'ere beautiful flag, that waves in the free wind o' heaven,
Flashin' its silvery stars an' coilin' its red stripes above me,
Must' as it 'ppears, come down . . . be struck in a way ignominious . . .
Not from a victory lost after hours of good honest fightin',
But on'y because Ole ABE seems afeared to back up his intentions!

VI.

It looks to me now, as ef . . . takin' all into consideration . . .
ABE *wasn't* agoin for to hold or protect the forts o' the Union . . .
That he didn't, as we fellers say, care shucks for the Federal Gov'ment;
So, arter keepin' us here, till we're worn out, an' e'enamost hungry,
Coolly sez he, "Lookahere, evacuate, give up your fortress!"
Now you kin jest take an' wallop me, like I was on'y a greaser,
Ef I kin make out the use of any such cowardly bizniss . . .
Ah . . . Who goes thar? The relief? . . . thank goodness, my sentry is over.

"Drawn from the Wood."

A foreign item gleaner informs this side of the Atlantic that "Mr. WOODIN, a London actor, in the course of a ten hours performance, successfully represents one hundred characters."

That must be very trying to the articulative apparatus: indeed the very notion of it makes us feel diptherious. Perhaps it is easy work for WOODIN, however, whose name suggests the possibility of his having a good deal of *Timbre* in his voice.

Interesting Anecdote.

A gentleman at the Astor House banquet on the 22d, observed on the bill of fare "Head Cheese *en Bellevue*."

"What do they mean by that?" he asked of his neighbor.

"Oh," was the answer, "that signifies the extension to us of the Hospitalities of the occasion."

Argumentum ab Hominy.

Since the hungry Mississippians have received gratuitous supplies of Breadstuffs from Chicago, the Southern Confederacy ought to be called the Western-corn-fed-eray.

WRETCHED INDEED!

DECENCY is always commendable. The Charleston *Mercury* in speaking of the literary productions of Messrs. CURTIS, RIPLEY and DANA, in particular, and of all the New-York literati in general, piles on them such gay and festive terms as "rogues," calls them thieves very directly, and commends—in the style and language usually adopted when speaking of gentlemen and scholars—that "they be at once put upon short commons—may put adrift altogether from Grub."

It is not difficult to infer from this elegant and refined paragraph, what the editor of the *Mercury* imagines the life of literary men of the highest standing in New-York to be, and sequentially what his own probably is. As everybody knows, they are all ragged wretches living at best on board wages, writing leaders for "grub," trading a paragraph once in a while for a potatoe, or a biography for a biscuit. N. P. WILLIS and General MORRIS can be seen almost any day, selling their own *Home Journal* in the streets and trading off single copies for "a small stew" in the Fulton Market. WM. CULLEN BRYANT has a lunch of pork and onions pretty regular, but even He hangs round the kitchen of the Metropolitan Hotel of an evening, for the sake of getting a feed out of that dish of thirty ingredients and seventy-seven syllables, described by ARISTOPHANES, in the *Ecclesiazusæ*, and on which the servants of that inn are said to be fed. BRIGGS is allowed a Connecticut pie per diem when industrious, but then he likes milk on it, for which he writes poems for a stump-tail-Twenty-Second-Ward-pure-Orange-swill-County establishment. BAYARD TAYLOR feeds most sumptuously of all of them, receiving from GOSLING, *sauer-kraut* and Bologna sausages—yes—as much as he can eat inside of fifteen minutes, twice a day, in return for which he delivers a monthly lecture on his Hebrew benefactors. BANCROFT has a weekly stipend of soda-crackers and hard boiled egg from his publisher. That is all that he gets. STODDARD and ALDRICH cultivate the muse on apples and doughnuts which we regret to state they generally steal from infirm old Irish women in Nassau Street, in requital for which they are aided by one FISK as "cover." C. A. DANA exists by hooking from the stables handfulls of corn which he parches on the *Tribune* office stove. FITZ HUGH LUDLOW lives on hash, from which he derives the surname of the Hashish Eater. FRED COZZENS has a shanty and a small garden up the river by which he is enabled to occasionally enjoy a thin *Julienne*, and sometimes a raw turnip, or carrot, or treat his friends to a few Fresh Stalks of 'Sparrowgrass. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is doing pretty well at present—having sold out his SHAKESPEARE and mortgaged his labor for life for an annuity of a daily feed for one year at BUTTERCAKE BILL'S where he generally takes it out in a plate of pork and beans, "most all pork with a good many beans." STEDMAN lives on the Lager-bier and pretzels which are supplied gratis by New York publishers to all who work above thirty hours at a stretch for them. And this is all He ever sees. PARK GODWIN rings in to the suppers at gambling houses when he can. So on with all the rest, not every soul of whom it may be written as it was of PANTAGRUEL of old that "he could not reach anything fit to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little to take with the flat of the tongue some wretched lick, bit or morsel."

But since such is the life led by the best of *literati* in a community which is the worst in the world for them, and where they are certainly not without honor, we shiver with compassion to think what must be the fare and fame of a rude ungrammatical scribbler—say in South Carolina—where the pabulum of literature is, to judge by the wails and howls sent from their own periodicals, at a doleful discount indeed! If the first writers of the metropolis are ignorant, starved, mischievous and thieving—and the prominent and most talented representative journal of Secession says *all this distinctly* of them—what *must* be the *status* of the provincial penman lacking their culture, their knowledge of life, their opportunities—and who, unable to make a living, as they do in the great world, has sunk down to the level of a hack partisan scrawler in a small country-cotton town! We shudder at the thought of such abject wretchedness, and yielding to our immense and ungovernable Humanity—dissolve in tears.

STARTLING IMPROVEMENT IN ARMS.

The peaceful state of Texas is to have an Army, all by itself, and BEN MCCULLOCH, of jobbing memory, is appointed to prepare it. The Army is to consist of two regiments of "Rangers." Those of our readers whose ideas of a "Ranger" are, like our own, somewhat uncertain, will be startled to learn from BEN'S proclamation, written in the Texan or Texian language, that

"*A good horse*, a Colt's pistol, and a light rifle or double barrelled shot gun, that can be used on horseback *are the best arms* for such service."

Two regiments of Texans, or Texians, each armed with "a good horse" and a Colt's pistol, will be invincible. The late SAMPSON matched against the Philistines, armed with the jaw-bone of an ass (we mean nothing personal, BEN,) but two regiments armed with *horses*!! Ah!!! of course the tactics will be changed accordingly, and our gallant rangers will be expected to

{ Shoulder
Order
Carry
Support
Present
&c., &c. } HORSES!

at the word of command. Also, of course, we shall have an entirely new set of expressions from Texas. We shall no longer hear that they have "drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard," belligerent editors will hereafter announce, "we have drawn the horse and thrown away the stable."

After this startling improvement in military weapons, we are better prepared to learn that

"The Camanches well know that 'The Ranger is at Home on the Prairie' again."

After hearing that "the Ranger" is to be armed with "a good horse" we cannot be surprised to know that he is "at Home on the Prairie," or anywhere else,

Vivva the Texan or Texian or *Tejano* Foot-Cavalry Rangers!

Glances at the Gallery.

No. 423. SUNSET ON THE JERSEY FLATS.—A. WUST.

When Jersey Flats can borrow hues like these,
Not far from Earth the Regions of the Blest,
Let none despair—since here one feels and sees,
At last the Last is First—the *Wust* is *Best*.

No. 446. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.—WM. PAGE.

"'Tis sweet to do nothing?"—Then why not, dear P.,
Act up to the motto that brings us such bliss?
Then Critic and Painter for once might agree,
For *Nothing* is better (I'm sure, sir) than *this!*

Paradoxical.

A clever artist may be ever so poor, may not have an item of personal property to his back in fact, and yet he always Effects to dispose of.

Scientific.

It is one of nature's paradoxes that if you want to keep a coal fire how you must keep it Coaled.

The Beauty of Norwegian Poetry.

Is peculiar Finnish

Going down Stares.

Entering a country church.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie had become very anxious about Stuyvesant. Never, even during his reckless career abroad had he gone so long without writing them a letter. He might have been engaged in the criminal and feverish pleasure of watching rouge et noir at Baden Baden—he might have gone to the abandoned length of kissing a pretty bar-maid in England, or floating in a gondola on the grand canal under the window of some old lady he was not acquainted with, singing her songs in Italian which she supposed to be English, and imagining himself all the time the hero of some very dangerous midnight amour. In the midst of all such dissipation he had still found time to write once a fortnight to his mother and sister. Now, six weeks had gone by since his strange departure and they had not received a line from him. This strange behavior was not accounted for, even on the ground of Mr. Muffles' suggestion that he had gone South to visit a friend.

All this time Isaiah remained imperturbable. When his wife and daughter told him their fears, he only poh-poh'd them. "Stuyvesant was well enough," "trust *him* to look out for No. One," such were the answers of a man whom we can hardly consider Mr. Muffles extravagant in calling a stolid and brutal parent. Once he varied the answer a little, said he had heard from Stuyvesant, and he was all right. But when asked to bring up the letter from down town, he discovered that he had mislaid it, and from his being able to give no farther account of his son than his health, no information in regard to his whereabouts, or his reasons for staying away so long, we must suppose that he merely imagined that he had received a letter, as he would indulge any of the other fancies of an eccentric mind. And the ladies of his family were far from satisfied.

All this while Isaiah continued to accelerate his business pace. He worked at the coal-scuttle counting-room with all the ardor of a first love. He seemed only just now to have become enamored with the idea that the coal-scuttle was the great thing the world moves by, and well-regulated people live for. The habits of his laborious youth returned to him. He rose with the lark, or rather with the newsboy and charming sweep, who are the only larks we have in New York, and was down at the coal-scuttle shop within an hour, after scalding his throat with a swallow of hot coffee. He lunched standing up when he lunched at all, and was *distrait* to such a degree as to eat with the carving knife at dinner.

Everybody observed a change in him. He grew paler than he had ever been at any previous time of his life—thin—and so hollow-eyed that there did not lack charitable people to suspect him of gambling on the sly. He seldom talked with his family, save to wish them good night, when after a lonely evening in the parlor they came to his study and found him with his head between the leaves of his ledger, like a mysterious sort of nut which he was endeavoring to crack, for the purpose of finding there the delicious meat of an altogether new and frenzyingly popular coal-scuttle.

We are ashamed to say—yet why should we be; since it is noble to repent and do better?—that although Mr. Primpenny had treated with scorn Mr. Muffles' designs, he began using them one by one in his trade, until every pattern save the most complicated ones had gone forth in the shape of iron from his shop to bless the firesides of mankind.

Mrs. and Miss Primpenny could not fail to see the strange alteration in their husband and father's behavior, and sorrowed over it even with tears as they sat night after night, when the callers were gone, in their desolate back parlor. It was a complimentary grief to the disappearance of Stuyvesant, and they could help the one as little as the other.

At length, about the time of the last love passage recorded in our last chapter, maternal and sisterly love grew too strong for them to bear. They were fairly in a frenzy about Stuyvesant. They hurried to Isaiah's study and found him pitching into coal-scuttles. They threw their arms around his neck, burst into tears, and exclaimed,

"Oh father! Oh husband! What shall we do?"

Mr. Primpenny turned from his ledger and took one of them on each knee. Poor little thin business man! The legs were so frail that it was very much like sitting down on a hurriedly knocked together seat of lath, and the plump little women could not avoid the feeling that they must crack their supports and fall through. But Mr. Primpenny in addition put an arm around each of them by way of security—and this was so rare a love sign of late, that it made them cry still more violently—till there almost was danger of their falling through.

"Now what can I do for you, darlings?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tell us, w-w-what has become of Stuyvesant," sobbed the little women.

Isaiah whispered a word between their ears, drawing their heads close together so that one word did for both, like one nosegay to two lovers.

And a pleasant nosegay it must be to be like *that* word! For whatever it was, they went away much relieved, and did not trouble Mr. Primpenny's business hours further.

Business hours to be sure! As if he had any other than business hours! The very next morning after his wife and children had been so greatly relieved by that word of his, he went to the coal-scuttle shop an hour earlier than usual to make up the time lost by affection.

But presently, coal-scuttles seemed to him insufficiently subserved by a *shop*. Among other things which he resolved on having to advance the interests of the trade was a *newspaper!*

But sly old gentleman that he was, he would not acknowledge to anybody that the newspaper really was to be for the benefit of coal-scuttles. It was to cultivate the morals of the people—elevate their minds—correct their politics. The coal-scuttles would all the time be sailing in d'ye see, but out of sight to the masses.

So he called together a dozen old gentlemen who were as anxious to correct the politics, elevate the minds, and cultivate the morals of the people as he was. Each one of them had *his* little thing to sail in *too*, on the top of their newspaper's wave. Nobody would see it of course! Mr. Briggs had a wholesale codfish interest—Oh how that would swim on top of the moralities, and the politics, and the intellectual improvement! Mr. Riggs had a large soap establishment, and the moment the newspaper was established, there should be no such thing as *soap*—Glory to soap! Mr. Tompkins saw felt hats packed in lots to suit purchasers rising on the tide of the moralities. Mr. Tubby, tea and coffee. Mr. Bricker, dry-goods, and so on to the end. And each of them was under the most confirmed and unshakeable impression that not one of the others suspected any such thing in him.

These excellent men, after due deliberation, came to the conclusion, and passed private resolutions to that effect, that Isaiah's scheme was an excellent one and they would go into it. They pledged capital and made Isaiah the president of the board. And then they sent a committee around to find how much aid they might expect from other gentlemen with some nice little thing on the sly.

The result was that in twelve weeks from Stuyvesant's departure, (that young man not having got home yet),—a newspaper broke upon the world one morning, as the boys down Broadway cried for the first time,

"Here's your *Daily Poker!*"

It had been called by that name because, in the first place that was thought expressive of its energetic and stirring tendency—and in the second place, because after long debate, none of the directors could get the other gentlemen to allow him to name it after *his* little thing. Thus Mr. Tompkins would like to have it called "*The Daily Felt Hat.*" and Mr. Riggs wanted it to be "*The Daily Bar of Soap,*" and Mr. Briggs could see no reason why a most taking Headline might not be "*The Daily Codfish.*" So at last they had to compromise upon some name which did no earthly good to any of them, and was therefore open to no objection. In this title of *Daily Poker*, Mr. Primpenny was the only one who had occasion to chuckle over a triumph. *Poker* suggested Coal-Scuttle, and he promised himself that he would by-and-bye have an evening edition, called "*Daily Poker,*" with the words "*And Evening Coal-Scuttle,*" on a separate line, in handsome type beneath.

This newspaper flourished amazingly. It did a tremendous business in advertising its own men, and was the organ of politics, morality, intellect, and fifty dozen other things to them, their families, and several of their intimate friends. It did its literary business of course just as all the papers do. Likewise its news. It paid for things by measure. For instance, Fluffy, Senior Editor, would say in the morning to Duff, one of the staff—"Write two feet of Missionary Intelligence for to-morrow, will you?" Then turning to Cuffy, sensation political Editor, he would add, "And you one yard of Glorious Union, if you please." By-and-bye, as the day wore on, and energetic business people in New-York had roused themselves and committed a few shocking crimes or killed

themselves by a variety of interesting ac[c]ents, Casualty Reporter, Stuffy, came running in with a beaming [c]ountenance to bring five inches of murder. If it was an Aldern[a]n, then they let Stuffy put on an extra inch, which told in hi[s] pocket. If there was a rail-road accident, *that* was more or less f[a]t for Stuffy. Only they were pretty strict on Stuffy, because he lik[e]d to dilate. They were careful to insist on his minding the gradu[a]l scale. "Remember Stuffy, they would say, that *brakeman* i[s] by 25 cents worth. If it had been a conductor, you should ha[ve] had half a dollar for him, and when you smash us the Pre[s]ident of the road—egad! you shall have five dollars."

The Editorials were taken care of by a [v]ery efficient corps, who from laudable motives of economy alway[s] kept a good deal of the matter which they should use every day re[a]dy set up so that it could go into blanks which they left in their co[l]umns. This saved time to both them and the compositors. They w[e]re able to write with a despatch which the absurd and prurient ba[s]is of feeling obliged to say something new every day, would hav[e] rendered impossible.

Of this class of handy stereotyped [p]hrases were most of the poetical quotations, the pieces of vigorou[s] and withering sarcasm; names by which they denounced people [w]ho did not agree with them, in fact, a great many other things [a]lways exclusive of their political opinions, which it would have b[e]en far from economical to keep in stereotypes as they might want [t]o change them next week.

Each of these stereotypes was numbered so that, by simply referring to it in the blank which he left in his copy the editor could have it inserted instantly. This excellent plan enabled him to write as follows:

"Our —— Cotemporary, the *Daily Sl[a]mmer* is a ——. The article which appeared yesterday in his c[o]lumns is characterized by his usual ——— and more than his usua[l] ——. We can only say in the words of the poet,

"—— —— —— —— —— —— ——"

This, when it came out in the next mo[r]ning's *Poker*, read as follows:

"Our *disgusting* Cotemporary, the *Daily S[l]ammer*, is a *fool*. The article which appeared yesterday in his co[l]umns is characterized by his usual *stupidity*, and more than his usual *malignity*. We can only say in the words of the Poet:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise [a]gain."

By these means the *Daily Poker* flourished [g]reatly.

SUNSET.

BY THE ART-GOSSIP MAN OF THE "[H]ERALD."

Behold! as Phœbus, with his [c]ar,
Into the earth goes down,
How chromotyped his feature[s] are
With mellow Cobalt Brown!

O! mark the saffron-purple sk[y],
The Cadmium sapphire poo[l]
In mackerelesoence bathed, th[e] lie—
O! my, how beautiful!

The quintessential bars that s[t]ak
With Solferino Red,
Yon pyrotechnic mountain pe[a]k
Shed perfumes on my head.

The radiant shadows on the ro[a]d
Each other, swift, pursue
In mad career, as if to mock
The force of Madder Blue.

The topazescent clouds that gl[e]ce
Athwart the festive sky,
And by the woofy margins da[r]k
Are green—and so am I.

The Charm of Color.

Artists will be interested to learn that the H[on.] HORACE GREELEY is about to offer a competition premium for [the] production of a picture with the greatest possible amount of C[olo]r in it.

Positive and Egg-ative.

A cackling hen.

TOO GUSHING.

The *Miss. Brandon Republican* is continually shaking a sword, and requesting some one to hold it in from an outburst. One of its last articles written with that utter disregard to all rules of composition, and all regard to the highest sounding words and figures, commences by comparing President LINCOLN to dark MOKANNA, continues by likening him to ALARIC, and concludes by assuring its readers he is like MOSES. For the latter comparison, we confess, we only arrived at it by study:—"He may pour his hordes like the plagues of Egypt, &c," says the *Brandied Republican Miss.*; the natural inference is, that the great law-giver was here intended, and that LINCOLN is the MOKANNA—ALARIC—MOSES of Miss. Brandon. Considering that the children of MOSES, including TWIGGS, are to a non-productive-baby of them, all opposed to the present administration, it seems singular to place their father against them-but such is life-and secession from it. We hope the *Miss-Branded, Republican* will recall the fact that the dark MOKANNA was a veiled prophet to the viciously Vulgar, but that to the intelligent and enlightened he was Available Profit; and such will President LINCOLN we trust prove to Americans. As for ALARIC he came from the North, brave, bold and strong; sweeping sensuality, corruption, voluptuousness, dishonesty and effeminacy, before him, as the cold wind from the mountain bear off the poisonous airs from Southern marshes. As for MOSES—MOSES speak for yourself. But for the real burst, the true gush; the conclusion of the *Brandy Republican Miss.* article is to be listened to with awe:

"—and though the spirit of the people (of the Corn-fed-erate States,) may be humbled, its light will not be quenched, though it may be trampled in the ground by a superiority of numbers in one place, it will, like the fabled fountains of Arethusa, burst forth anew in another."

The light that will not be quenched, though trampled in one place, but will burst forth anew in another, must be Camphene; this is the light, the Secession Light, blowing up things and going off at a moment's warning; but when the *Branded Miss. Republican* likens Camphene to the fountains of Arethusa we are in bold language, all abroad. There is a fountain of Arethusa, a gushing one at that, near Syracuse in Sicily, and a fable connected with it of its being chased from the United States into Mexico—we should say from Arcadia to Sicily while the chaser Alpheus eventually conquered!—and the moral is plain. Always, *Miss. Brandon* Gush cautiously.

SOUND PRINCIPLES.

Gentlemen who maintain themselves in a permanent condition of bread-and-cheese-and-beer, by Hook and by Crook—in other words phonographic reporters—will be disgusted to learn that several strides have already been made, in France, toward a method of registering sounds by means of an apparatus. We have not yet heard whether the proposed acoustophonographic machine is to be worked by steam or otherwise. If it is, and supposing it to be adopted by Congress, for reporting debates, it is to be hoped that the boilers will be made of ball-proof plate, so as to prevent the possibility of a blow-up by perforation with a stray bullet. The chances of such a contingency are diminished, however, now that the South no longer "takes the floor." In order that our stenographic friends may not experience any unnecessary mental anguish at the above announcement, we have the pleasure of informing them that no immediate collision with the new Sound-catcher need be anticipated. Indeed, we are authorized to state that, in the first place, it is to be tested extensively upon Long Island Sound, and afterwards applied with a view of ascertaining whether the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* is Sound upon the Goose question—so that many, many years must elapse before it can come into general use.

From Washington Market.

Q.—Why is a fly in molasses like a butcher in the shambles?
A.—Because he Sticks there.

By a Newsboy.

Why is there no rush for the Sunday papers?
Because they are not worth a Rush!

Greatest Haul the "Fire-King" has made for a month past.
Canterbury Hall.

The New Tariff.

More Ills.

Every one on his own Axis.

The allusion of the *London Times* to the fearful state of destitution to which our backwoodsmen will be reduced by the New Tariff, from their inability to procure axes from England, is evidently an ironical one. The Thunderer doubtless meant the backwoodsmen of this city, commonly called English Importers who, under the operations of a high Tariff will have fewer axes to grind. All we have to say about the matter is simply this, that we can dispense with the sympathy of English Statesmen and Journalists as to the great injury that we are inflicting upon ourselves in not opening our ports freely to English wares and that we are now disposed to be more independent of their movements and henceforth revolve on our own axis.

More Glances at the Gallery.

No 223 HUSKING—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

Fie! fie! Mr. Artist! where are your "red ears!"
"A Husking" without pretty girls to be kiss'd, man?
"All talk and no cider?"—why, really' one fears,
If you cannot do *better*, you must go down East-man.

A Healthy Move.

The administration fearing that Major ROBERT ANDERSON'S health has been injured by his close confinement at Fort Sumter, has ordered him to Newport Barracks, Kentucky, to recruit.

A capital thing to turn in a bar-room.
An egg flip-flap.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Querist—"AND NOW LET ME ASK YOU, SERIOUSLY, WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU EVER DONE IN THIS WORLD?"
Respondent—"I?—WHY I'VE INVENTED A COAT WITH ONE BUTTON!"

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME."

Devourers of fiction are at liberty to swallow the following nice little bit of that delicacy of the season:

"*The Dublin Nation* publishes a letter from Paris, in which it is stated that M. MIRES and JOHN SADLIER are one and the same person."

From the immense number of Sad Lies already published with regard to both of the distinguished financiers named in the above paragraph, we infer that most of the expounders of MIRÉS, as well as of SADLIER, rejoice in the patronymic of the latter.

(The above having been given to an Anti-Celtic compositor re-appeared in the following form.—Ed. V. F.)

The *Dublin Nation*, once celebrated for songs, treason, and Mr. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, and whose songs, treason, and patriots have since sunk into the obscurity from which they should never have emerged—has been lately promulgating the remarkable theory that M. MIRÉS, the defaulting Parisian banker, and Mr. JOHN SADLIER, the defaulting and apparently deceased Member of Parliament, are one and the same person. This is akin to the French peasants, that still believe in the return of the first Napoleon, or the Long Islanders, who yet vote for General Jackson. Why not start the suggestion that M. MIRÉS is The Man in the Iron Mask? His sudden seclusion in prison would favor the suggestion, and though his age might be thought to stand in the way of such a hypothesis, still, it would be no obstacle to a Celtic imagination. Or he might be set up as the Duke of Monmouth, whose execution was supposed to have been a fiction. Or Mr. JOHN MITCHELL himself, whose existence, through its obscurity, is daily becoming more and more mythical. When one person plays two parts on the stage, it is technically called "doubling." We presume the *Nation* being published in the chief city of Ireland, facetiously intend this fiction as a Dublin *canard*.

Bearing Down.

Exerting a depressive influence upon the Stocks.
An unlaunched ship.

THE FIRST KICK AT THE LION.

And so, Spain—resolved to be the first in at the death of the Monroe doctrine—is making her grab at St. Domingo. Yes—she *dares* to do it!

Six months ago, the miserable rabbit would have as soon dared fly at the throat of the wildcat. Six months ago, that wretched, worn out wreck of a country, the most dilapidated and lowest sunken in all Europe—quaked and trembled before us. Six months ago, this last left of the old corrupt superstitious camerilla despotisms dreaded the name of America. Now in our hour of trouble, Spain smites us!

Spain—smites—*us!*

And Spain may find that broken or whole—divided or one—aye, though we were in our last struggle—there is the life left here in this broad land, among our strong armed millions, to smite her face, and drive her wailing away. We did not conquer the lion of England to yield to the yellow snake of Spain!

Oh, South—oh, North! Is the vile Negro of such worth that we should bear this insult from his second cousin, the Moorish-blooded Spaniard? If hate carries you so far—verily ye are viler than he.

By Our Scotch Contributor.

Why was the storm which drowned Lord ULLIN'S daughter like a *mouchoir?* Because it Sank-her-chief.

Apropos of the Hard Times.

An old friend, with a new face:
Whatever is, is Tight.

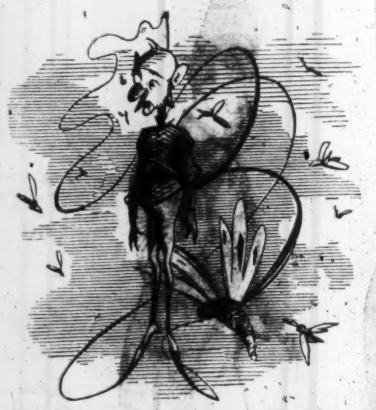
The Editor's Last Word.—To Our Own Correspondent.

Be sure you write, then go ahead.

A Maine Point.

Cape Elizabeth.

NEW-YORK EXHUMED.



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n advance of
all our envious cotemporaries, the details of many
eresting dis-
coveries.

"At the beginning of the year of Grace 1861, which a short mathematical process shows to have been just a
usand years
ago,) New-York was the chief city of the West
Continent.
She was renowned for the frugality of her citizen
the modesty
of her youth, the honesty of her financiers, the di
terested pat-
riotism of her politicians, the and incorruptible in
grity of her
public officers.

"In June of that year, the terrible visitor, kn
to astron-
omers as the Merriam comet, was discovered
the distin-
guished philosopher of Brooklyn Heights. The cat
rophe of the
following Fourth of July is familiar to all readers
history.

"The comet approached New York. As soon as
atmosphere
came in contact with that of the earth, the former,
ome chem-
ical affinity, burst into a conflagration that extend
instantane-
ously throughout the vast extent of her train. At
same mo-
ment, the nucleus, which was plainly visible as an
que mass of
insignificant dimensions, exploded. A shower of
began to
fall, which continued for twenty-four hours. At
conclusion
Manhattan Island and the adjacent regions had dis
eared, New-
York Bay was filled up, the Hudson River had beco
a tributary
to the Hackensack, and over so much buried wealth
nd magnifi-
cence, extended a bare, flat, unsightly mountain, s
ral hundred
feet in height.

"The disruption of the American Union into sev
een belliger-
erant confederacies, and the protracted wars which
ilted there-
from and which have been terminated only during the
sent centu-
ry by the subjugation of all the States under the desp
sm of New
Jersey, prevented any successful attempt to penetrate
neath that
mountain. The accomplishment of the task has bee
eserved for
the enterprise of the present age.

"We have chronicled the obstacles thrown in it
way by the
semi-barbarous government of New Jersey, and th
removal of
those obstacles on the payment of certain moneys to
e directors
of the New Jersey railroads. We have also describe
McGRUBB'S
Patent Steam Excavator, which, as a bore, is equival
to several
thousand men.

"At the beginning of the present month the E
vator was
set at work. After penetrating nearly five hundred
through
a compact stratum, liberally intermixed with fos
shells re-
sembling those of the oyster, a numerous commun
of which
bivalves must have inhabited the exploded comet, th
ornice of a
building was struck. This proved to be the City H
l. It was
found entire, although it is well known that by a pe
iar custom
of the city, its combustible portions used to be made
bonfire of,
on occasions of public rejoicing.

"In one of its rooms was a table covered with
then-ware
dishes, and bottles labelled 'BOURBON WHISKY.' Bes
them lay
a restaurateur's bill for liquors and ham-sandwiches
This was
probably the remains of a collation served up by the
y author-
ities to the Grand Vizier of Turkey, who visited Ne
ork soon
after its secession, to conclude an offensive and defen
e alliance
between the Sultan and the Mayor. This supposition was suggested by the discovery of several turbans and a Koran strewed on the floor, where they were probably dropped in the hasty departure.

"At a short distance from the principal entrance, a statue of brown-stone was discovered. Its features are those of Washington, but its expression is lugubrious in the extreme. It is supposed to represent the Father of his Country, taking, MACBETH-like, a prophetic view of his Presidential successors. Hence the disgust.

"The excavation being continued down Nassau street, numerous newspaper offices were soon discovered, containing files of the leading New-York journals. Our correspondent has forwarded us copies of the last edition of the New-York *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times* and *World*. The following are brief extracts from their editorials.

"*From the Herald.*—'As was first predicted in the HERALD, the Comet will arrive to-day. Like other foreigners, profoundly ignorant of the existence of such provincial towns as Boston and Philadelphia, it comes directly to the metropolis. Our citizens, not knowing how to regard the intended honor, have taken a hasty departure.

"'Not being easily frightened, we shall remain to welcome the Comet. Immediately on its arrival, we shall issue an extra, giving a full account of the event.

"'P. S. We have decided to take a holiday. No advertisements will be received at this office to-day.'

"*From the Tribune.*—'As was first predicted in the TRIBUNE, the irrepressible Comet, weighing millions of Tuns, is upon us! It comes from its giddy Hight to make this world a Theater of confusion. Whether it will be a more confused affair than the despicable *World* of Park Row, is doubtful.' o o o o

"*From the Times.*—'As was first announced in a special despatch to the TIMES, the Comet will reach New-York to-day!' o o

"*From the World.*—As was first predicted by the WORLD, the Comet, Providence permitting, will arrive to-day!' o o

An entire page of each of these journals is occupied with a reiteration of the advice, "BUY THE NEW-YORK LEDGER," and the names of SYLVANUS COBB, JR, EDWARD EVERETT, and other leading writers of ancient light literature.

"Our correspondent says: 'During the excavation in Nassau street, a very singular circumstance occurred. The workmen heard strange sounds beneath them. On reaching the pavement, they unearthed a figure with a glaring gray eye, grizzly beard, and rusty apparel. No sooner was it uncovered than it stalked forth, shouting '*Four-and-twenty Self-Sealing Envelopes, Fo-our Cents!*' in such sonorous and appalling tones, that they beat a hasty retreat.

"We must be permitted to doubt.

"From Nassau, the excavation was extended into Wall street, the financial centre of the ancient city, in the natural expectation of finding treasures there. The diggers were disappointed. Nothing more valuable was unearthed than government bonds and certificates of stock in railroads, mines, etc., long since bankrupt. The absence of money may be accounted for by the general exodus of government, and bank officials to foreign parts, that took place before the catastrophe.

"The machine being now headed up Broadway, accomplished a distance of three miles in as many hours.

"A short distance above Wall street was found the Museum of the immortal BARNUM. Its contents abundantly attest the colossal intellect of their inventor, and his right to the rank accorded him by history—of the representative man of his age and city.

"No general description can be given of the architecture of Broadway—every variety of style and want of style abounding. The aim of each architect seems to have been to overtop and eclipse the adjoining building.

"The theatres present, in point of taste, a favorable contrast to the specimens of dramatic composition which have come down to us from that age and locality. The Churches are mostly elegant structures, fitted up with devout regard to the comfort of the worshippers. The hotels, however, are especially remarkable for magnitude and magnificence; and with reason. The hotel was to the New-Yorker the most important and characteristic of institutions. It was his favorite place of abode, his resort to meet friends, and he was wont to take most of his liquid sustenance at its bar. On all important occasions, such as a political triumph or defeat, the birth-day of a great man, or the arrival of a distinguished politician, pugilist, or chess-player, he would repair to the hotel, and manifest his emotions by sitting down to a public dinner.

The shops were filled with merchandise, of which we must defer our description. The jewelry is mostly plated, or of oreide, and was sold at the uniform price of one dollar. Vast quantities

of large conical structures of wire-work were found—supposed at first to be tent-frames or other military contrivances, but declared by Prof. LICHARD to have been the most essential article of feminine wearing apparel! The hats of the Nineteenth Century are also great curiosities. The cause of medical science has been greatly subserved by the unearthing of immense quantities of the wonderful patent-medicines, from the sale of which New-York made so large a share of her wealth.

"Large quantities of wines and liquors were found in the hotels and numerous other depositories along Broadway. Excellent as these beverages must have been originally—and it is known that New-Yorkers were proficients in their manufacture—they are doubtless greatly improved by age. The parties engaged in the excavation carefully made trial of these liquids as they arrived at each successive deposit. The result has unfortunately been a general incapacitation for business, and the breaking of the machine. We suspect that our correspondent has carried his usual zeal into this department of investigation, as the latter portion of his communication is curiously obscure and disconnected, and finally comes to an abrupt termination."

LOR! BLESS ME, IF I HADN'T BEEN LUCKY TO FIND SHELTER WHERE WUD A BEN MY NEW BONNET?

"You're Another."

Persons who still possess a vested interest in their olfactories, are not usually disposed to sniff with favorable noses at the exceedingly disgusting establishments known as bone-boiling factories. And yet, the Court of Sessions has just decided that the kind of business referred to cannot be considered as a nuisance if carried on by means of "retorts." Witnesses were brought to prove that nothing offensive could result from bone-boiling on the "retort" principle—in fact that "retorts" extract from the bone-boiler's vats an essence rather more exquisite than anything LUBIN ever dreamed of when he got uproarious upon opium, and rolled himself away to sleep upon a bed of lavender. If this is true, we don't see why the principle might not be extended to private life, by the substitution of a better kind of "retort" than any of those at present in use there. If bone-boiling is a nuisance, bone-breaking is another—which leads us to remark that the latter process loses nothing of its malarious odor when carried on by means of the ill-constructed Retort on show at the head of this article.

A Union Toast—to the Stars.

Thirty-four *forte*, or fight.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, March 24.

Ed. Vanity Fair:—We, sir, of Boston, are a moral people of nice discrimination. For us there is a *Norma loquendi*; to wit, the Opera of week-days becomes the *Oratorio* of Sunday. On that day MOSE emerges from the tall bull-rushes and appears in a suit of Egyptian darkness as MOSES, with green spectacles. The immense difference between Tweedledum and Dee, never was made more striking than when given as "without costumes, raising curtain, or moving scenery." There's the difficulty cleverly got over, and his Satanic Majesty awfully castigated round the stump. The Barber may thus shave of Sundays, and the *Puritani* go a-fishing—in plain clothes. JANUS—be thou our patron Saint! Smile on Boston, sanctify our vestments and our investments, and cause dividends on Theatre Stock to rise. Make the Sabbath gay, make Religion amusing at Fifty Cents, Gallery Twenty-five. "SUSINI, in his great role of MOSE," and "SUSINI in his renowned character of MOSES," are very different SUSINIS, one goes with the Sheep, the other with the—Goats.

P. S.—The Sacred Circus is coming! On Sunday next, the Grand Spectacle of the Passage of the Red Sea by real Israelites in old clothes. CRUISER as the Horse in JOB. JOB, Mr. RAREY (remarkable for patience.) We are a one-horse town, *but* moral.

Yours,

HIPPO-CRITIC.

Very good. Be it remarked that all our Boston Correspondence on all subjects refers just at present to the Opera. They have Music there, you know. And what is more, they have the KELLOGG to distraction. All of the Crickets have gone mad entirely, and as we write are encased in straight jackets. One of them (according to our *Os kalos, nisi prius*, Beacon Street, Greek Correspondent, who dates *Bostoniæ dies VII. ante Kalendas Aprilis*), has slightly convalesced to the extent of a column in which he Manifests in the following strange utterances:

"Miss KELLOGG, of New York, concerning whom many eulogies have been composed in that city, made her debut on Tuesday evening in "LINDA di Chamouni," selecting with tact and nice appreciation of her own ability, the most suitable role to Captitate staid, critical Boston Withal. That purpose, ever present to a debutante, yet seldom realized in genuine, hearty, unequivocal enthusiasm, was effected by Miss KELLOGG in remarkable unanimity of praise and rarity of depreciation resulting from her performance in that opera. She evidently not having been exaggerated in the usual preparatory style, the audience sympathized with LINDA immediately that she tripped gracefully forward to carol her love song; and that general sympathy warmed into enthusiasm as the opera progressed, and her ability, vocal and dramatic, appeared more and more decided. Miss KELLOGG is well suited in LINDA, with music to execute and color, and situations to make real and interesting by dramatic talent but one surpassing her power to fulfil in all conditions. Gaining possession of the public eye and ear in the first scene, this young aspirant for prima donna rank continued to improve her position and engage public admiration more thoroughly even to the close, receiving then marked evidence of success."

There—there! We know now where to go for criticism. And Style. Let us only hear from the Convalescent that the leading color of the Kelloggian B flat is pyramidal, and we shall confess that the art critics of our own *Herald* are crowded over and extinguished. Great is Boston!

Seward "talks Turkey" to Webb.

Who was it that whispered to the President, "tender Turkey to Gen. WEBB?" WEBB declines Turkey. Of course he does; why should Turkey be Webb-footed? WEBB wants good game; nothing that has been shot at, and has had to "roost low."

Ah! that a man who wants to go on a foreign mission should have ever gone to live in Tarrytown. For twenty years the horn-blower of SEWARD, WEBB has at last his reward in this dilemma: either to stay at Tarrytown, spelling Constantinople as far as the fourth syllable, or to accept of the Golden Horn. WEBB despises both horns of the Crescent. Has no objections, however, to taking JOHN BULL by both of his. Or, he would rather take Austria, even with Hungary sauce, than be in at the death of Turkey, and at the feast of the Great Powers.

Autumnal.

What are the disagreeable features of Fall?

First it seres (its ears), and then it sighs (its eyes), and then it snows (its nose), and then it slips (its lips).

A Sight no Eye has yet seen.

The New Post-Office Site.

Waiter.—PLEASE MEM, THAT CAKE HAS GOT HERE BY MISTAKE, AND MRS. JOHNSON HAS SENT IN FOR IT. (N. B.—MRS. JONES HAS SUPPOSED IT A PRESENT FROM HER DEAR CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.)

PHILP, HIS HAND-BOOK.

We finished our first article on PHILP, with an account of the vipers of Washington—a species of reptiles by no means exhausted in the two classes to which we referred, the "blowing vipers" of Abolition and Secession; we begin our last with an account of the fishes of Washington, a prolific subject in the hands of PHILP, who treats it on a considerable scale, though in a singular manner. We should have treated it plurally, in connection with the supporter of existence, or, less learnedly, the staff of life, or, plainer still, the loaves. It is not of the fishes of Washington that we wanted to hear PHILP, but of the loaves and fishes.

PHILP speaks of the Etheostomoids, a family peculiar to North America, representatives of which have been described by Dr. GIRARD. V. F. is acquainted with, and, if he are given to boasting, might say related to, the most distinguished families of the North, but he is ignorant of the one mentioned. It is certainly not an F. F., but doubtless one of the codfish aristocracy, who trace their descent, (according to the herald) to one Preserved Fish! Of Dr. GIRARD, V. F. knows nothing, though he remembers to have seen his college in Philadelphia.

PHILP mentions the "bill-fish," which, he says belongs to the family of Scomberesocoids. He is mistaken, it belongs to the family of Scaliwags, (from scaley, and wag,) otherwise landlords, the true "bill-fish" of Washington.

The number of shells in the D. of C., according to PHILP, is eighty-six. It was much greater eight years ago. We refer, no political reader need be told, to the political shells which then abounded in Washington. They were divided into two families, which were anything but happy families, (factions rather,) and were called Hards and Softs. Their history is obscure; some writers trace them back to the primitive days of the State of New-York, when barn-burning was an Institution; others to the blows rained, in the sacred precincts of Tammany, on the devoted head of AUGUSTUS SCHELL, who on that occasion at least was decidedly a Sott Shell! These shells were barnacles on that grand old ship, the Democratic Party, and clung to it till it went to pieces last fall, on the dangerous Southern reef. After the injury to his conk, the august sample of Conchology just mentioned (we mean AUGUSTUS,) was transplanted to the New-York Custom House, where he has remained to the present time, a venerable but nearly extinct fossil. He is the last of his race, and, before this solemn memorial of his virtues is in the reader's hands, will be succeeded by Mr. HIRAM BARNEY. Mr. BARNEY is a brother of WILLIAM BARNEY, commonly called BARNEY WILLIAMS, and a descendant of the famous BARNEY, mentioned by the Irish Bard:

"BARNEY, leave the girls alone."

a piece of abstinence, by the way, of which BARNEY was not guilty, or how could he have had a progeny? The Custom House poets, we hear, are revising this ancient melody, and one of them, (STODDARD, we presume,) has already tinkered the first line into,

"BARNEY, leave the boys alone."

meaning himself and sundry other poetical customers. They are hopeful of being retained, with the exception of CONE, who is in mortal dread of being an inverted cone!

"Och hone! for WALLY CONE!"

The most remarkable tree in Washington is the Judas Tree. V. F. had frequently heard of this tree, but in common with other "true Americans," (no reference here to the late lamented WM. POOLE,) he cherished the hope that it did not, and would not flourish in America. He remembered BENEDICT ARNOLD and his attempt to plant it at West Point; and AARON BURR and his treason; but the doom which overtook these bold, bad men, (what can be more terrible than the last days of BENEDICT ARNOLD, despised, hated, shunned, an outcast among men, damned to eternal infamy?) was enough, V. F. thought, to keep any American for attempting to plant anew the Judas Tree. He was mistaken, he confesses with tears. The seed was not extinct, as he fondly hoped, but still alive in the North and South. It matters little by whom it was sown again, the Abolitionists, or the Secessionists, it is enough, nay, too much, that it is flouri-hing now.

It shot up like JONAH's Gourd under the administration of J. B. For the first time in its existence among U. S. it was used in cabinet making: J. B.'s Cabinet was composed of it, all but the State Bureau of slow but honest old LEWIS. The money chests of COBB were made of its wood; so were the gun stocks and carriages of FLOYD's guns: not otherwise would the former have given up their treasures so speedily, or the latter have moved as they did, to the forts and arsenals of the South. Its red flowers were the favorite bouquet of JEFF DAVIS, TOOMBES, WIGFALL, and the rest of their Confederates. It flourished on the button holes of sundry officers of the Army and Navy, among others the gallant TWIGG. (It must be a mean flower to flourish on a twig like that!)

Gentlemen of the S. C., V. F. wishes you joy of the Judas Tree, and its fruit, what that will be God only knows. You think, an infinity of Cotton pods; V. F. the Apple of Discord. But it doesn't matter now, since we are no longer "one and indivisible," but two, if not several more, and divisible to any exteut.

"Then go it boys, for what care we?
Hurrah the merry Judas Tree!"

But no. NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, V. F. does not belong to that family. So let us change the stave.

"Miserere Domine!
Blast the deadly Judas Tree!"

Does He?

When JEFF. DAVIS threatens to make LINCOLN quail, don't he want to make Game of him?

Oh-o-oh!

Each indictment against the ex-Secretary of War, was quashed because it was Flaw-y-d.

The best of the Dollar Jewels.

O nix.

THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

HOUSTON—"What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust."—*Coriolanus, act.* 3, *scene* 1.